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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 9, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

(From The Flag of our Union.)

ALLAN PERCY

BY SYBIL PARK.

It was summer when we parted,
And the July roses hung
From the cottage-roof in clusters,
Which the balmy zephyr swung;
While the vine-leaves sighed and fluttered—
Very softly overhead,
Till a cloud of floating incense
From each dewy cup was shed.

It was evening, and the glory
Of the sunset's parting dye
Melted into glowing crimson
As it faded from the sky.
Long we tarried at the casement,
Till the moonbeams, still and white,
Crept downward through the blossoms,
In shining waves of light.

Then I loved thee, Allan Percy,
And I treasured every vow,
Keeping sacred all the kisses
Lightly pressed on lip and brow!
O! I never dreamed that falsehood,
Nor a lurking breath of guile,
Could for one brief moment linger
'Neath so sweet a beaming smile!

How should I—false Allan Percy,
As I listened to you there,
My own heart so young and trusting—
Know your vows were light as air?
Thus we parted—and forever!
But I waited for you long,
When the air was summer-laden,
Flushed with beauty, rich with song.

I have waited, Allan Percy,
Such a weary, weary while,
That my eyes are heavy weeping,
And my lips forgot to smile.
Golden summer, purple autumn,
They are each alike to me,
Bringing only mournful shadows
Of my lost, lost love and thee!

Selected Tale.

(From The Atlantic Monthly.)

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

SCENE I.

ALFRED NOBLE had grown up to manhood among the rocks and hills of a New England village. A year spent in Mobile, employed in the duties of a clerk, had not accustomed him to the dull routine of commercial life. He longed for the sound of brooks and the fresh air of the hills. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that he received from his employer a message to be conveyed to a gentleman who lived in the pleasant suburb of the city. It was one of those bright autumnal days when the earth seems to rejoice consciously in the light that gives her beauty.

Leaving behind him the business quarters of the town, he passed through pleasant streets bordered with trees, and almost immediately found himself amid scenes clothed with all the freshness of the country. Handsome mansions here and there dotted the landscape, with pretty little parks, enclosing orange-trees and magnolias, surrounded with hedges of holly, in whose foliage numerous little foraging birds were busy in the sunshine. The young man looked at these dwellings with an exile's longing at his heart. He imagined groups of parents and children, brothers and sisters, under those sheltering roofs, all strangers to him, an orphan, alone in the world. The pensiveness of his mood gradually gave place to more cheerful thoughts. Visions of prosperous business and a happy home rose before him, as he walked briskly toward the hill south of the city. The intervals between the houses increased in length, and he soon found himself in a little forest of pines. Emerging from this, he came suddenly in sight of an elegant white villa, with colonnaded portico and spacious verandas. He approached it by a path through a grove, the termination of which had grown into the semblance of a Gothic arch, by the interlacing of two trees, one with glossy evergreen leaves, the other yellow with the tints of autumn. Vines had clambered to the top, and hung in light festoons from the branches. The foliage, fluttering in a gentle breeze, caused successive ripples of sun flecks, which chased each other over trunks and boughs, and joined in wayward dance with the sunshine.

Arrested by this unusual combination of light and shade, color and form, the young man stood still for a few moments to gaze upon it. He was thinking to himself that nothing could add to the perfection of its beauty, when suddenly there came dancing under the arch a figure that seemed like the fairy of those woods, a spirit of the mosses and vines. She was a child, apparently five or six years old, with large brown eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. Her gypsy hat, ornamented with scarlet ribbons and a garland of red holly-berries, had fallen back on her shoulders, and her cheeks were flushed with exercise. A pretty little dog was with her, leaping up eagerly for a cluster of holly-berries which she playfully shook above his head. She whirled swiftly round and round the frisking animal, her long red ribbons flying on the breeze, and then she passed all aglow, swaying herself back and forth, like a flower on its stem. A flock of doves, as if attracted toward her, came swooping down from the sky, revolving in graceful curves above her head, their white breasts glistening in the sunshine. The aerial movements of the child were so full of life and joy, she was so in harmony with the golden day, the waving vines, and the circling doves, that the whole scene seemed like an allegro movement in music, and she a charming little melody floating through it all.

Alfred stood like one enchanted. He feared to speak or move, lest the fairy should vanish from mortal presence. So the child and the dog, unconscious of a witness, continued their graceful gambols for several minutes. An older man might have inwardly moralized on the folly of the animal, aping humanity in thus earnestly striving after what would furnish no nourishment when obtained. But Alfred was too young and too happy to moralize. The present moment was all-sufficient for him, and stood still there in its fullness, unconnected with past or future. This might have lasted long, had not the child been attracted by the dove-shadows, and, looking up to watch the flight of the birds, her eyes encountered the young man. A whole heart full of sunshine was in the smile with which he greeted her. But, with a startled look, she turned quickly and ran away; and the dog, still full of frolic, went bounding by her side. As Alfred tried to pursue them, a bough knocked off his hat. With-out stopping to regain it, he sprang over a holly-hedge, and came in view of the veranda of a house, just in time to see the fairy and her dog disappear behind a trellis covered with the evergreen foliage of the Cherokee rose. Conscious of the impropriety of pursuing her farther, he paused to take breath. As he passed his hand through his hair, tossed into masses by running against the wind, he heard a voice from the veranda exclaim:—

"Whither so fast, Loo Loo? Come here, Loo Loo!"

Glancing upward, he saw a patrician-looking gentleman, in a handsome morning gown, of Oriental fashion, and slippers richly embroidered. He was reclining on a lounge, with wreaths of smoke floating before him; but seeing the stranger, he rose, and taking the amber-tubed cigar from his mouth, he said, half laughingly:—

"You seem to be in hot haste, Sir. Pray, what have you been hunting?"

"I have been chasing a charming little girl, who would not be caught. Perhaps she is your daughter, Sir?"

"She is my daughter," rejoined the gentleman. "A pretty little witch, is she not? Will you walk in, Sir?"

Alfred thanked him, and said that he was in search of a Mr. Duncan, whose residence was in that neighborhood.

"I am Mr. Duncan," replied the patrician. "Jack, go and fetch the gentleman's hat, and bring cigars."

A negro obeyed his orders, and, after smoking awhile on the veranda, the two gentlemen walked round the grounds.

Once when they approached the house, they heard the pattering of little feet, and Mr. Duncan called out, with tones of fondness:—

"Come here, Loo Loo! Come, darling, and see the gentleman who has been running after you!"

But the shy little fairy ran all the faster, and Alfred saw nothing but the long red ribbons of her gypsy hat, as they floated behind her on the wind.

Declining a polite invitation to dine, he walked back to the city. The impression on his mind had been so vivid, that, as he walked, there rose before him a vision of that graceful arch with waving vines, the undulating flight of the silver-breasted doves, and the airy motions of that beautiful child. How would his interest in the scene have deepened, could some fates had interwoven the destinies of himself and that lovely little one!

When he entered the counting-room, he found his employer in close conversation with Mr. Grossman, a wealthy cotton broker. This man was but little more than thirty years of age, but the predominance of animal propensities was stamped upon his countenance with more distinctness than is usual with sensualists of twice his age. The oil of a thousand hams seemed oozing through his pimply cheeks; his small gray eyes were set in his head like the eyes of a pig; his mouth had the impression of a satyr; and his nose seemed perpetually sniffing the savory prophecy of food. When the clerk had delivered his message, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and then said:—

"So you've been out to Duncan's have you? Pretty nest there at Pine Grove, and they say he's got a rare bird in it; but he keeps her so close, that I could never catch sight of her. Perhaps you did get a peep, eh?"

"I saw a very beautiful child of Mr. Duncan's," replied Alfred, "but did not see his wife."

"That's very likely," rejoined Grossman; "because he never had any wife."

"He said the little girl was his daughter, and I naturally inferred that he had a wife," replied Alfred.

"That don't follow the course, my gosling," said the broker. "You're green young man! You're green! I swear, I'd give a good deal to get sight of Duncan's wench. She must be devilish handsome, or he wouldn't keep her so close."

Alfred Noble had always felt an instinctive antipathy towards this man, who was often letting fall some remark that jarred harshly with his romantic ideas of women—something that seemed to insult the memories of a beloved mother and sister gone to the spirit world. But he had never liked him less than at this moment; for the sly wink of his eye, and the expressive leer that accompanied his coarse words, were very disagreeable things to be associated with that charming vision of the encircling doves and the innocent child.

SCENE II.

Time passed away, and with it the average share of changing events. Alfred Noble became a junior partner in the counting house he had entered, and not long after the elder partner died. Left thus to rely upon his own energy and enterprise, the young man gradually extended his business, and seemed in a fair way to realize his favorite dream of making a fortune and returning to the North to marry. The subject of Slavery was then seldom discussed. North and South seemed to have entered into a tacit agreement to ignore the topic completely. Alfred's experience was like that of most New Englanders

in his situation. He was at first annoyed and pained by many of the peculiarities of Southern society, and then became gradually accustomed to them. But his natural sense of justice was very strong; and this, added to the influence of early education, and strengthened by scenes of petty despotism which he was frequently compelled to witness, led him to resolve that he would never hold a slave. The colored people in his employ considered him their friend, because he was always kind and generous to them. He supposed that comprehended the whole of duty, and farther than that he never reflected upon the subject.

The pretty little picture at Pine Grove, which had made so lively an impression on his imagination, faded the more rapidly, because unconnected with his affections. But a shadowy semblance of it always flitted through his memory, whenever he saw a beautiful child, or observed any unusual combination of trees and vines.

Four years after his interview with Mr. Duncan, business called him to the interior of the State, and for the sake of healthy exercise he chose to make the journey on horseback. His route lay mostly through a monotonous region of sandy plain, covered with pines, here and there varied by patches of cleared land, in which numerous dead trees were prostrate, or standing leafless, waiting their time to fall. Most of the dwellings were log-houses, but now and then the white villa of some wealthy farmer might be seen gleaming through the evergreens. Sometimes the sandy soil was intersected by veins of swamp, through which muddy water oozed sluggishly, among the bushes and dead logs. In these damp places flourished dark cypresses and holly-trees, draped with gray Spanish moss, twisted around the boughs, and hanging from them like gigantic cobwebs. Now and then the sombre scene was lighted up with a bit of brilliant color, when a scarlet grosbeak flitted from branch to branch, or a red headed woodpecker hammered at the trunk of some old tree, to find where the insects had entrenched themselves. But nothing pleased the eye of the traveller so much as the holly-trees, with their glossy evergreen foliage, red berries, and tufts of verdant mistletoe. He had been riding all day, when, late in the afternoon, an uncommonly beautiful hill appeared to terminate the road at the bend where it stood. Its boughs were woven in with a cypress on the other side, by long tangled fringes of Spanish moss. The setting sun shone brightly aslant the mingled foliage, and lighted up the red berries, which glimmered through the thin drapery of moss, like the coral ornaments of a handsome bracelet seen through her veil of embroidered lace. It was unlike the woodland picture he had seen at Pine Grove, but it recalled it to his memory more freshly than he had seen it for a long time. He watched the peculiar effects of sunlight, changing as he approached the tree, and the desire grew stronger within him to have the fairy-like child and the frolicsome dog make their appearance beneath that swinging canopy of illuminated moss. If his nerves had been in such a state that forms in the mind could have taken outward shape, he would have realized the vision so distinctly painted on his imagination. But he was well and strong; therefore he saw nothing but a blue heron flapping away among the cypresses, and a flock of turkey-buzzards soaring high above the trees, with easy and graceful flight. His thoughts, however, continued busy with the picture that had been so vividly recalled. He recollected having heard, some time before, of Mr. Duncan's death, and he queried within himself what had become of that beautiful child.

Musing thus, he rode under the fantastic festoons he had been admiring, and saw at his right a long gentle descent, where a small stream of water glided downward over mossy stones. Trees on either side interlaced their boughs over it, and formed a vista, cool, dark, and solemn as the aisle of some old Gothic church.

A figure, moving upward, by the side of the little brook attracted his attention, and he checked his horse to enquire whether the people at the nearest house would entertain a stranger for the night. When the figure approached nearer, he saw that it was a slender, bare-footed girl, carrying a pail of water. As he emerged from the dim aisle of trees, a gleam of the setting sun shone across her face for an instant, and imparted a luminous glory to her large brown eyes. Shading them with her hand, she paused timidly before the stranger, and answered his inquiries. The modulation of her tones suggested a degree of refinement which he had not expected to meet in that lonely region. He gazed at her so intently, that her eyes sought the ground, and their long dark fringes rested on her blushing cheeks.—

"What was it those eyes recalled? They tantalized and eluded his memory."

"My good girl, tell me what is your name?" he said.

"Louisa," she replied, bashfully, and added, "I will show you the way to the house."

"Let me carry the water for you," said the kind-hearted traveler. He dismounted for the purpose, but she resisted his importunities, saying that she would be very angry with her.

"And who is she?" he asked. "Is she your mother?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the hasty reply. "I am—I—live there."

The disclaimer was sudden and earnest, as if the question struck on a wounded nerve.—Her eyes swam with tears, and the remainder of her answer was sad and reluctant in its tones. The child was so delicately formed, so shy and sensitive, so very beautiful, that she fascinated him strongly. He led his horse into the lane she had entered, and as he walked by her side he continued to observe her with the most lively interest. Her motions were listless and languid, but flexible as a willow. They puzzled him, as her eyes had done; for they seemed to remind him of something he had seen in a half forgotten dream.

They soon came in sight of the house, which was built of logs, but larger than most houses of that description; and two or three tubs in the rear, indicating that the owner possessed slaves. An open porch in front was shaded by

the projecting roof, and there two dingy black-nosed dogs were growling and tussling each other. Pigs were rooting the ground, and among them rolled a black baby, enveloped in a bundle of dirty rags.

The traveler waited while Louisa went into the house to inquire whether entertainment could be furnished for himself and his horse. It was some time before the proprietor of the establishment made his appearance. At last he came slowly round the end of the house, his hat tipped on one side, with a rowdyish air.—

He was accompanied by a large dog, which rushed in among the pigs, biting their ears and making them squeal pitifully. Then he seized hold of the bundle of rags containing the black baby, and began to drag it over the ground, to the no small astonishment of the baby, who added his screech to the charivari of the pigs. With loud shouts of laughter, Mr. Jackson cheered on the rough animal, and was so much entertained by the scene, that he seemed to have forgotten the traveler entirely. When at last his eye rested upon him, he merely exclaimed, "That's a hell of a dog!" and began to call "stubby" again. The negro woman came and snatched up her babe, casting a furtive glance at her master as she did so, and making her escape as quickly as possible. Tower, being engaged with the pigs at that moment, allowed her to depart unmolested; and soon came back to his master, wagging his tail, and looking up, as if expecting praise for his performance.

The traveler availed himself of this season of quiet to renew his inquiries.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "I reckon we can accommodate ye. What are ye from stranger?"

Mr. Noble having stated "whar" he was from; and was required to tell "whar" he was going, whether he owned that "bit of horse flesh," and whether he wanted to sell him.—having answered all these interrogatories in a satisfactory manner, he was ushered into the house.

The interior was rude and slovenly, like the exterior. The doors opened by wooden latches with leather strings, and sagged so much on their wooden hinges, that they were usually left open to avoid the difficulty of shutting them. Gnats and fishing tackle were on the walls, and the seats were wooden benches or leather-bottomed chairs. A tall, lank woman, with red hair, and a severe aspect was busy mending a garment. When asked if the stranger could be provided with supper, she curtly replied that she "reckoned so;" and without further parance or salute, went out to give orders. Immediately afterward, her shrill voice was heard calling out, "You gal! put the fixens on the table."

The "gal," who obeyed the summons, proved to be the sylph-like child that had guided the traveler to the house. To the expression of listlessness and desolation which he had previously noticed, there was now a look of bewilderment and fear. He thought she might, perhaps, be a step-daughter of Mrs. Jackson; but how could so coarse a man as his host be the father of such gentleness and grace?

While supper was being prepared, Mr. Jackson entered into conversation with his guest upon the usual topics in that region—the prices of cotton and "niggers." He frankly laid open his own history and prospects, stating that he was "fetched up" in Western Tennessee, where he owned but two "niggers." A rich uncle had died in Alabama, and he had come in for a portion of his wild land and "niggers;" so he concluded he would move South and take possession. Mr. Noble courteously sustained his share of conversation; but his eyes involuntarily followed the interesting child as she passed in and out to arrange the supper table.

"You seem to fancy Leewizy," said Mr. Jackson, shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"I have never seen a handsomer child," replied Mr. Noble. "Is she your daughter?"

"No, sir; she's my nigger," was the brief response.

The young girl reentered the room at that moment, and the statement seemed so incredible, that the traveler eyed her with scrutinizing glance, striving in vain to find some trace of colored ancestry.

"Come here Leewizy," said her master.—"What'd ye keep yer eyes on the ground for? You 'aint got no occasion to be ashamed o' yer eyes. Hold up yer head, now, and look the gentleman in the face."

She tried to obey, but native timidity overcame the habit of submission, and, after one shy glance at the stranger, her eyelids lowered, and their long fringes rested on her blushing cheeks.

"I reckon ye don't often see a potter piece of flesh," said Mr. Jackson.

While he was speaking his wife came in from the kitchen, followed by a black woman with a dish of sweet potatoes and some hot corn-cakes. She made her presence manifest by giving "Leewizy" a violent push, with the exclamation, "What are ye standing thar for, ye lizy wench? Go and help Dinah bring in the fixens." "You'll make a fool o' thar gal. It's high time she was sold. She's no account here."

Mr. Jackson gave a knowing wink at his guest, and remarked, "Women folks are generally glad enough to have niggers to wait on 'em; but ever sence that gal came into the house, my old woman's been in a desperate hurry to have me sell her. But such an article don't lose nothing by waiting awhile. I've some thoughts of taking a tramp to Texas one o' these days; and I reckon a prime fancy article, like that ar, would bring a fust-rate price in New Orleans."

The subject of his discourse was listening to what he said; and partly from tremor at the import of his words, and partly from fear that she should not place the dish of bacon and eggs to please her mistress, she tipped it in setting it down, so that some of the fat was spilled on the table-cloth. Mrs. Jackson seized her and slapped her hard, several times, on both sides of her head. The frightened child tried to escape, as soon as she was released from her grasp, but, being ordered to remain and wait upon the table, she stood behind her mistress,

carefully suppressing her sobs, though unable to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks. The traveler was hungry, but this was a damper upon his appetite. He was indignant at seeing such a timid young creature so roughly handled; but he dare not give utterance to his emotions, for fear of increasing the persecution to which she was subjected. Afterward, when his host and hostess were absent from the room, and Louisa was clearing the table, impelled by a feeling of pity he could not repress, he laid his hand gently upon her head, and said, "Poor child!"

It was a simple phrase, but his kindly tones produced a mighty effect on that suffering little soul. Her pent-up affections rushed forth like a flood when the gates are opened. She threw herself into his arms, nestled her head upon his breast, and sobbed out, "Oh, I have nobody to love me now!" This outburst of feeling was so unexpected, that the young man felt embarrassed, and knew not what to do.—His aversion to disagreeable scenes amounted to a weakness; and he knew, moreover, that if his hostess should become aware of his sympathy, her victim would fare all the worse for it. Still it was not in his nature to repel the affection that yearned towards him with so overwhelming an impulse. He placed his hand tenderly on her head, and said, in a soothing voice, "Be quiet now, my little girl. I hear somebody coming, and you know your mistress expects you to clear the table."

Mrs. Jackson was in fact approaching, and Louisa hastily resumed her duties. Had Mr. Noble been guilty of some culpable action, he could not have felt more desirous to escape the observation of his hostess. As soon as she entered, he took up his hat hastily, and went out to ascertain whether his horse had been duly cared for.

He saw Louisa no more that night. But as he lay awake, looking at a star that peeped in upon him through an opening in the log wall, he thought of her beautiful eyes, when the sun shone upon them, as she emerged from the shadows. He wished that his mother and sister were living that they might adopt the attractive child. Then he remembered she was a slave, reserved for the New Orleans market, and that it was not likely his good mother could obtain her, if she were alive and willing to undertake the charge. Sighing, as he had often done, to think how painful there were which he had no power to remedy, he fell asleep and saw a very small girl dancing with a pail of water, while a flock of white doves were wheeling around her. The two pictures had mingled on the floating cloud-canvas of dream-land.

He had paid for his entertainment before going to bed, and had signified his intention to resume his journey as soon as light dawned.—All was silent in the house when he went forth; and out of doors nothing was stirring but a dog that roused himself to bark after him, and chaunticleer perched on a stump to crow. He was, therefore, surprised to find Louisa at the crib where his horse was feeding. Springing toward him she exclaimed:—

"Oh you have come! Do buy me, sir! I will be so good! I will do everything you tell me! Oh, I am so unhappy! Do buy me, Sir!"

He patted her on the head, and looked down compassionately into the swimming eyes that were fixed so imploringly upon his.

"Buy you my poor child?" he replied. "I have no house,—I have nothing for you to do."

"My mother showed me how to sew some, and how to do some embroidery," she said coaxingly. "I will learn to do better, and I earn enough to buy something to eat. Oh, do buy me, sir! Do take me with you!"

"I cannot do that," he replied, "for I must go another day's journey before I return to Mobile."

"Do you live in Mobile?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "My father lived in Mobile. Once I tried to run away there, but they set the dogs after me. Oh, do carry me back to Mobile!"

"What is your name?" he said; "and in what part of the city did you live?"

"My name is Louisa Duncan; and my father lived at Pine Grove. It was such a beautiful place! and I was so happy there! Will you take me back to Mobile? Will you?"

Eviding the question, he said:—

"Your name is Louisa, and your father called you Loo Loo, didn't he?"

That name brought forth a passionate outburst of tears. Her voice choked, and choked again, as she sobbed out:—

"Nobody has ever called me Loo Loo since my father died."

He soothed her with gentle words, and she, looking up earnestly, as if stirred by a sudden thought, exclaimed:—

"How did you know my father called me Loo Loo?"

He smiled as he answered, "Then you don't remember a young man who ran after one day, when you were playing with a little white dog at Pine Grove? and how your father called to you, 'Come here, Loo Loo, and see the gentleman!'"

"I don't remember it," she replied; "but I remember how my father used to laugh at me about it, long afterward. He said I was very young to have gentlemen running after me."

"I am that gentleman," he said. "When I first looked at you, I thought I had seen you before; and now I see plainly that you are Loo Loo."

That name was associated with so many tender memories, that she seemed to hear her father's voice once more. She nestled close to her new friend, and repeated, in most persuasive tones, "You will buy me? Won't you?"

"And your mother? What has become of her?" he asked.

"She died of yellow fever, two days before my father. I am all alone. Nobody cares for me. You will buy me—won't you?"

"But tell me how you came here, my poor child," he said.

She answered, "I don't know. After my father died, a great many folks came to the house, and they sold everything. They said my father was uncle to Mr. Jackson, and that I

belonged to him. But Mrs. Jackson won't let me call Mr. Duncan my father. She says if she ever hears of my calling him so again, she will whip me. Do let me be your daughter. You will buy me—won't you?"

Overcome by her entreaties, and by the pleading expression of those beautiful eyes, he said "Well little teaser, I will see whether Mr. Jackson will sell you to me. If he will, I will send for you before long."

"Oh, don't send for me!" she exclaimed, moving her hands up and down with nervous rapidity. "Come yourself, and come soon.—They'll carry me to New Orleans, if you don't come for me."

"Well, well, child, be quiet. If I can buy you, I will come for you myself. Meanwhile, be a good girl. I won't forget you."

He stooped down, and sealed the promise with a kiss on her forehead. As he raised his head, he became aware that Bill, the horse boy, was peeping in at the door; with a broad grin upon his black face. He understood the meaning of that grin, and it seemed like an ugly imp driving away a troop of fairies. He was about to speak angrily, but checked himself with the reflection, "They will all think so. Black or white, they will all think so.—But what can I do? I must save this child from the fate that awaits her." To Bill he merely said that he wished to see Mr. Jackson on business, and had, therefore, changed his mind about starting before breakfast.

The bargain was not soon completed; for Mr. Jackson had formed large ideas concerning the price "Leewizy" would bring in the market; and Bill had told the story of what he witnessed at the crib, with sundry, jocose additions, which elicited peals of laughter from his master. But the orphan had won the young man's heart by the childlike confidence she had manifested to ward him, and conscience would not allow him to break the solemn promise he had given her. After a protracted conference, he agreed to pay eight hundred dollars, and to come for Louisa the next week.

The appearance of the sun, after a long, cold storm, never made a greater change than the announcement of this arrangement of that desolate child. The expression of fear vanished, and listlessness gave place to springing elasticity of motion. Mr. Noble could ill afford to spare so large a sum for the luxury of benevolence, and he was well aware that the office of protector which he had taken upon himself, must necessarily prove expensive. But when he witnessed her radiant happiness he could not regret that he had obeyed the generous impulse of his heart. Now, for the first time, she was completely identified with the vision of that fairy child who had so captivated his fancy four years before. He never forgot the tones of her voice, and the expression of her eyes, when she kissed his hand at parting, and said, "I thank you, Sir, for buying me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LYING IN BED—No piece of indolence hurts the health more than the modern custom of lying abed too long in the morning. This is the general practice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities seldom rise before eight or nine o'clock; but the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, while the stomach is empty and the body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morning air braces and strengthens the nerves, and in some measure answers the purposes of a cold bath. Let any one who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walking, riding, or any active diversion without doors, and he will find his spirits cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite keen, and his body braced and strengthened. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health. The inactive are continually complaining of pains, etc. These complaints, which pave the way to many others, are not to be removed by medicines; they can only be cured by a vigorous course of exercise, to which, indeed, they seldom fail to yield. It consists with observation, that all very old men have been early risers. This is the only circumstance attending longevity to which we never knew an exception.

EDMOND, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar? "I don't know—isn't that the way, mother?" "No my son, you have disobeyed me, you have been in swimming." The boy was for a moment silent. However the satisfactory explanation, as he thought soon occurred. With a triumphant look and a bold voice, he exclaimed: "Mother—I—I guess I turned it getting over the fence."

THERE was more fact than fancy in the cross reply of an unfortunate female culprit, when under cross-examination by a brow-beating limb of the law. "Madam," he demanded, "what sort of conduct have you pursued through life, that should subject you to the suspicion of this outrage upon the plaintiff?" She answered, "Impudence, which has been the making of you, has been my ruin."

"It seems to me that I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where?"

"Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for twenty years."

An affection, however misplaced and ill-requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered undersleeves, would be considered very dirty; but to drag the sidewalk with her skirts, seems to be very genteel.

If you would enjoy yourself, always be late at a ball; it's past time.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ax-plauser.

Most people don't think, they only think they think.